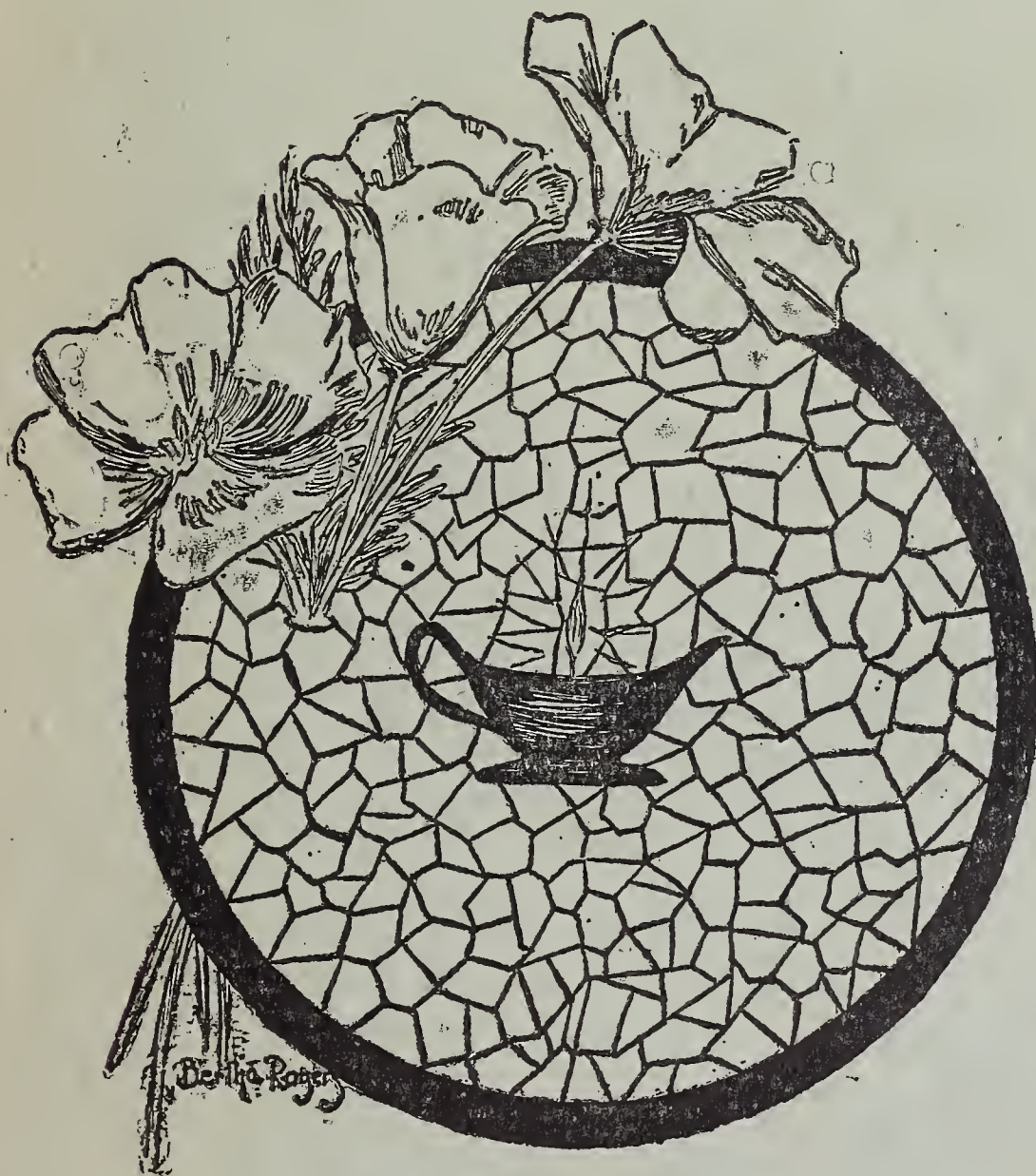


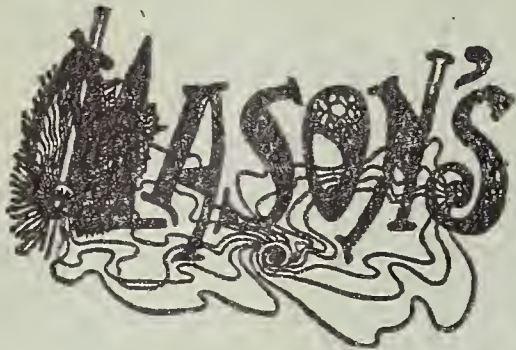
Vol. 9, No. 11

January 29, 1903

OLLA PODRIDA



BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL



Phone Mason 1131

Candies
Ice Cream
Cold Drinks

Not how cheap
But how good!

LOUGHEAD & WISEMAN
Paints, Oils and Hardware
2118 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley
OPPOSITE STATION

E. R. PATTERSON & CO.
Dealers in Wall Paper, Paints, Oils,
Brushes, House Painting and Graining,
Paper Hanging, Tinting and Glazing.
Estimates given and work guaranteed.
DWIGHT WAY STATION, Phone Dana 1497

A. L. OTT
Manufacturing Jeweler
Diamond Setter
AND DEALER IN
Precious Stones
Fraternal Pins, B. H. S. Pins, Maltese Crosses, Key
Stones, all kinds of Scottish Rite, as well as all
other Society Charms and Presentation
Jewels made to order.
121 Post Street San Francisco
Rooms 15 and 16—Telephone Red 3753

I. X. L. FRUIT STORE
M. J. POWELL, PROPRIETOR

Fruits, Vegetables and Nuts in Season
Canned and Dried Fruits

Corner Channing Way and Shattuck Avenue
Phone Stuart 205 BERKELEY, CAL.

BLUE AND GOLD
DINING ROOM

Mrs. Theresa Doane
Proprietor
2137 Center street
Berkeley, Cal.

BERKELEY OPERA HOUSE

FOR RATES AND FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY AT

C. E. THOMAS

BOX 243

PHONE MASON 941

Not for Cheap,
but for Good

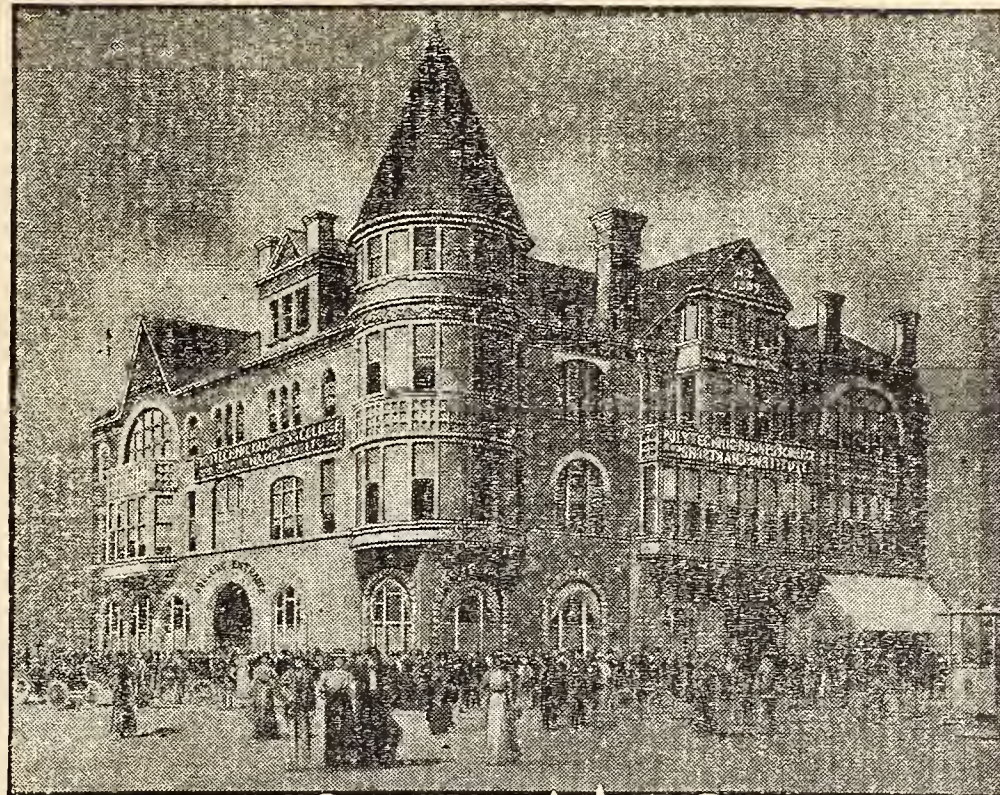
FINE TAILORING

AT REASONABLE RATES

BYRON RUTLEY'S, 1167 Washington St., Oakland, Cal.
PHONE PINE 971

CHENEY & BERRY

Real Estate and Insurance
BERKELEY STATION, BERKELEY, CAL.



POLYTECHNIC BUSINESS COLLEGE

OAKLAND, CAL.

PREPARES YOUNG PEOPLE FOR IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT

A SIX MONTHS' COURSE is the average time required to complete Shorthand and Typewriting, or Business Training Courses.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

CIVIL ENGINEERING

All Commercial Branches, Telegraph, Mechanical and Architectural Drawing

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

FOOTBALLS

AND

TENNIS SUPPLIES

AT THE

Berkeley Book Store

2118 Center Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Phone Main 576
Established 1852.
P. O. Box 33

H. M. SANBORN

Wholesale and retail dealer in

Plants, Trees, Seeds and Bulbs

CUT FLOWERS A SPECIALTY

Nursery at Piedmont

SEED STORE AND PLANT YARD:

517 Fourteenth St.
OAKLAND

*Coaching in Latin,
French, Italian and German*

ALMA I. GALBRAITH

1740 OXFORD STREET
BERKELEY, CAL.

Telephone Stuart 1881

Pond's Pharmacy

Cor. Center and Shattuck **BERKELEY, CAL.**

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

UNIVERSITY SAVINGS BANK

We solicit the deposits of

CLUBS * FRATERNITIES *** SORORITIES *** CLASS FUNDS**

HOUSEHOLD and PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS

OPP. BERKELEY STATION

BERKELEY, CAL.

Check books furnished free of charge.

Safe deposit boxes at lowest current rates.

Savings deposits received from one dollar up.

YOU CAN DO BEST WITH US

SWEATERS, JERSEYS

Gantner & Mattern Co

Bathing Suits - Baseball Suits - Track Suits 20 Post St., below Kearny, S. F.

Our teams pass your door daily.
Free delivery to Berkeley in any
quantity at our city prices. C. O. D.
No extra charge. Grocery list month-
ly; ask for it.

SMITH'S CASH STORE,
25 Market St., S. F.

LUND & MORCH
Dealers in Builders' Hardware, Tin and Agate Ware

Carpenters' Tools, Garden Tools, Cutlery, Household
Goods, Paints, Oils, Etc. Glazing and Repairing

2112 SHATTUCK AVE

PHONE DANA 1363

W. & J. Sloane & Co.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture,

Drapery Materials, Lace Curtains, Window
Shades, etc.

114 TO 122 POST STREET, S. F.

DURGIN & BLEAKLEY

2160 Shattuck Avenue

FURNITURE, MATTING, CARPETS

2158 Shattuck Avenue

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

Phone Derby 73

BERKELEY

Hardware and Repairing Shop

A. ERLANDSEN.

2020 Shattuck Avenue, Near BERKELEY STATION.

Go to . . .

T. E. CALDECOTT

Dwight Pharmacy

Orders Promptly Delivered.

Tel. Dana 233

Dwight Way and Shattuck Avenue

SAMUEL K. LOVE

SEEDSMAN - AND - FLORIST

FUNERAL PIECES A SPECIALTY

Telephone Main 603

1217 Broadway, Oakland

**ARABIAN
ROAST**

A LARGE BOUQUET
IN A SMALL CUP
RICH, MELLOW AND
DELICIOUS

POUND PACKAGES
AT YOUR GROCERS
TRY ONE

**HILLS
BROS**
San Francisco

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers



VOL. 9

BERKELEY, CAL., JANUARY 29, 1903

NO. II

CUMMINS

2 2 2 2

(Third Honorable Mention.)

In the first place let me state by way of introduction that Cummins was a student—that is, he attended the Susanville High School. He was quite a prominent fellow, too, in his way. “Indeed,” you say, “some football hero, I suppose.” “Not at all; I don’t believe he knew the difference between a place kick and a foul tackle.” “One of your studious, brainy fellows, then, who could write poems and essays and was a first-class debater.” “Oh, dear, no! Cummins write a poem! Why, his very enemies (if he had had any) would have protested in unison against that charge.” “Well, someone with a genius for getting up school theatricals, musicals and the like.” But again I am compelled to answer in the negative and, not to keep you longer in suspense, will inform you that Cummins was neither more nor less than a big, awkward, goodnatured country lad, with a shock of red hair and a grin a mile wide, and that he owed his prominence (if I may be allowed the word which I fear proved misleading in the very beginning) to—well, to a perhaps abnormally developed love of finery. Yes, I am obliged to confess that Cummins’ chief aim in life, so far as other people could see, was the adornment of his ungainly person. No college dude spent more time over his toilet than did Cummins and Goldsmith himself never succeeded in producing more startling effects. Fond of bright colors as any barbarian chieftain, he delighted to deck himself out in the gayest he could find. He always wore a vest of a bright yellow color which he had picked up no one knew where, a pair of blue military trousers, bright red socks with low shoes and the gaudiest ties the village shops afforded. To see him, thus fantastically attired, his fiery locks dangling in uncombed confusion about his ears, and with his innocent, al-

most childlike expression, shuffling through halls and corridors and in and out of classrooms was enough to upset the most sedate teacher.

Of course he was ridiculed, but ridicule seemed to have no effect on Cummins. Perhaps it was because he was used to it. Perhaps he was too goodnatured to mind it. At any rate he never resented it. Even the most impudent “sub scrub” might and did jeer him with perfect impunity. Cummins would only hang his head, grin in his sheepish fashion, and shuffle on.

In the recitation room Cummins certainly did not shine. Indeed, in this direction, he made no pretensions whatever. The most simple question confused and bewildered him and his ludicrous blunders always set certain of the young ladies to giggling; whereupon, the poor fellow, hearing the suppressed titters, blundered more wildly than ever and the giggling speedily became smothered shrieks of laughter.

But there is no need of going into particulars any further and showing up more of poor Cummins’ follies and defects, of which heaven knows we all have enough. Suffice to say, that the hero of this narrative was only a big, gawky, overgrown young fellow, rather foolish and very stupid. That, at least, was what the world said. But the world saw only the rough outside—the coarse outer husk with its defects and blemishes. It did not see the truer life, the gem without spot or flaw that was hidden deep within and that only needed the opportunity to cast off its outer garment and stand revealed in its own perfect beauty.

The building which the people of Susanville had seen fit to provide for High School purposes was one that had formerly served as the court house but had been long since abandoned by the

county. It was a large, two-story wooden structure built more than twenty years before. A long hallway extended through the middle portion of the lower story, with numerous smaller corridors opening from the main one and leading to the recitation rooms. In the upper story, which had served as the court room, two narrow passages had been built, one running along each side of the building, with the class-room doors opening directly into them. Two rickety flights of stairs located in the extreme end of the building led from these passages to the lower floor. About midway down the lower hall was a short passage leading to the cellar stairs. This building had served for a time in a tolerable manner but the growth of the town and consequently of the school had caused the old structure to be badly crowded. The principal of the school had long seen the dangers arising from this state of affairs and had done all in his power to secure the erection of a new building, but so far his efforts had been of no avail. It was in vain that he pictured the evils that must result from the use of the over-crowded, ill-ventilated class-rooms. It was in vain he declared it to be a crime to confine four hundred human beings for several hours a day in an inflammable wooden structure without adequate fire protection. The school board always listened patiently to his remarks and then politely informed him that they deplored the conditions which the principal had mentioned as much as he did, but unfortunately, in view of the existing hard times, the town could not afford the expense of a new building; that in the near future they hoped to secure better accommodations, but meanwhile he would have to put up with the old quarters and make the best of it.

So the principal had tried to make the best of it. He did what he could. In his frequent talks before the school he spoke earnestly on the need of self-control. "The danger," he said, "in case of fire is not so much from the flames as from you. I believe we can empty the building in plenty of time, but if you lose your wits and stampede like a herd of frightened cattle, some of the weaker ones will be trampled under foot and either be killed outright or left to perish in the flames. Keep cool. Don't hurry. And I want the larger boys to take it upon themselves to see that nobody enters that cellar passage for they would never be able to find their way out and would perish like rats in a trap."

But the principal knew that his words were of little use unless he supplemented them with a little practical experience. So fire drills were of common occurrence. The pupils, therefore,

were not much surprised one September afternoon when the fire gong suddenly sounded sharply through the building. Indeed, they welcomed the interruption. The afternoon was hot and stifling, lessons dragged hopelessly and even the teachers looked more cheerful at the prospect of a breath of fresh air. But when the class-room doors were thrown open, the strong smell of smoke at once became apparent. There was a low murmur of alarm, the word fire passed from lip to lip, faces turned pale, books were quickly thrown aside and the pupils streamed hastily out into the hallways. What wonder that amid the general confusion no one remembered the cellar passage, not even the principal himself. No one one did, I say? Yes, one remembered and he the one who of all the school would have been deemed the first to forget.

The class-rooms were emptied rapidly and in fairly good order. But in the narrow halls progress was necessarily slow. The air grew dark with smoke and the pupils, excited and terrified, began to push and crowd in an effort to escape from what seemed certain death. Suddenly, from somewhere in the main hallway came the sound of the High School yell. The powerful voice rose clear and distinct above the noise of the trampling feet and the excited clamor. Everyone recognized that voice. No one but Cummins could possibly have made himself heard above the deafening clatter. The crowd at once grew calmer. Somehow the old familiar words restored them to their senses. Other voices took up the refrain until, as the pupils reached the main hall way it had become a mighty chorus that echoed and vibrated through the smoke-filled corridors and was heard even far out upon the street.

Outside, under the direction of the teachers, the pupils assembled at a safe distance from the burning building, the rear portion of which was already ablaze. Writhing tongues of flame darted from the windows and leaping thence to the roof eagerly licked up the moss and bit great holes in the dry shingles. The fire department had arrived, but the red demon was too strongly entrenched to be routed and refused to be balked of his prey.

The origin of that fire remains a mystery to this day. The furnace by which the old structure was heated had been idle for many weeks and all efforts to trace the fire to some assignable cause were as ineffectual as if it had been kindled by a spark from the infernal regions. Indeed, there are those who still maintain that a strong odor of sulphur was wafted from the clouds of smoke

that eddied upward, and that the sound of demoniac laughter mingled with the crackling of the flames.

During all this time the principal had not been idle. Himself among the last to leave the building, he did not rest until he was satisfied that none had been left behind to perish. Finally he paused a moment to speak with a group of firemen whose brawny arms held the heavy hose steadily in its place. "Its no use, boys," he was saying, as he watched the slender column of water mount upwards and disappear in clouds of hissing steam, "you can't save it. I thank God we all got out in time. At first I thought there would be a panic, but, all at once, someone started the High School yell and it was wonderful how it calmed them." Just then the principal felt someone tugging at his coat and turning round he saw little Johnny Atwater, one of the younger scholars.

"Oh, Mr. Allen," shrieked the youngster, "Cummins is in there."

"In where?" said the principal, quickly.

"In there, sir," sobbed the boy, pointing toward the burning building, "by the cellar passage. I tried to get him to come out, but he wouldn't. He said he had to stay and keep 'em from going down cellar, and he made me go on and——"

But the principal heard no more. Like a flash he remembered his words about the cellar passage, and realized that in the excitement of the moment he had forgotten the very existence of that death trap. And Cummins had remembered! Was it too late to save him? There was one chance in a hundred, and the principal took it. Wrapping his coat about his head he dashed back into the smoke and flames. One of the firemen followed. In a few brief seconds the two men reappeared staggering, almost suffocated, bearing someone between them. It was Cummins. Advancing with their burden they laid him down on the cool grass well beyond the reach of the flames.

The crowd pressed eagerly forward, but the principal waved them back. "Call a doctor," he said. One of the local physicians immediately stepped forward from among the assembled townspeople. A glance at the form lying on the grass told the doctor all, and although the few lowspoken words which he addressed to the principal were inaudible to the pupils gathered near, they understood at once that Cummins was dying. Reverently they came forward for a last look at their school-fellow. Could this be Cummins lying so still and quiet; Cummins at whom they had poked fun but one short hour ago; Cummins, the laughing stock of the whole school? His gaudy clothes were soiled and blackened now but his face wore a peaceful even happy expression, as if he were experiencing some beautiful dream. He did not seem to hear when the great building collapsed with a crash into a pile of blazing ruins. His eyes were fixed on the blue expanse of the heavens and had a faraway misty look, as if he saw something beyond the cloudless autumn sky which the others could not see. Finally, however, he stirred uneasily and his lips moved as though he was endeavoring to speak. The principal bent down his head to listen. "Did they all get out? I tried to do my best, sir," came faintly from between the white lips. "God bless, you, my boy, you did nobly," was all the principal could manage to say.

"It seemed such a long time,"—the voice was so faint now, the principal barely caught the words—"and it got so hot and I wanted to come away, but I thought there might be others——" here the words died away in an inarticulate murmur. The principal turned away his face and wept. The doctor raised his hand warningly and the low murmur of conversation was instantly hushed, while amidst a stillness as profound as that of space itself, the freed spirit passed away "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

A. L. KENT, '04.

• • •

"C. C."

•

"Let's ask Jack and Will to give cakes!"

"All right, let's!"

Two merry girls on their way home from school hesitated on the steps of the drug store, then with smothered giggles walked boldly in.

Two young clerks, smiling broadly, quickly

came forward to attend to their wishes. The young men were more than usually polite.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Bessie?—Miss Fay?" they asked in concert.

The girls beamed approvingly upon them. "Yes, there is something you can do for us, if

you will," explained Bessie, sweetly. "We are out soliciting cakes for the Christmas social and would be very much pleased to have you contribute." She bowed demurely as she glibly repeated her little speech.

"Why most assuredly we will," both declared, with hearty appreciation of the joke. "You may depend on us, sure! And we'll make it ourselves!" Jack added.

"What kind of a cake will you make?" Fay laughingly inquired.

"Oh, fruit-cake, I guess," rather vaguely; "that's the regular thing for a Christmas cake, isn't it?"

"Of course," she answered him, "and be sure and make it good and rich, and have lots of fruit and things in it, won't you? My! It makes my mouth watre now!"

"Oh! and please bring it to our table, won't you?" begged Bessie.

Having been fully satisfied that all should be as desired, the girls took their departure, and soon forgot all about the incident. Not so the boys.

The Christmas holidays were on, the social all prepared for, the cake all "solicited," school was out and all were ready to enjoy the holiday fun.

Sleigh rides and skating, candy pulls and parties filled all the time that could be spared from Christmas secrets and preparations. But through all the frolics and merrymakings, nothing was said concerning the promised Christmas cake. But the boys were not lacking in plans and talk, and if anyone had cared to watch, might often have been discovered chuckling and rubbing their hands over some deep laid plot. However, such performances go to make up the great Christmas whole, and are not much thought about. Anyway, Fay and Bessie never took the trouble to analyze the actions of their friends at this season of the year—they were too busy acting queerly themselves.

But all things must have an end, and so it came about that the quickly flying days at last brought Christmas, with its clearing up of mysteries, its fulfilling of hopes, and its culminating of joys.

The long anticipated Christmas tree and party at last came and we may well believe that good cheer was not lacking in the happy throng that gathered to exchange greetings and gifts, renew neglected friendships and encourage each other along life's rugged way. Fun ran riot, the rafters fairly shook with glee, while peal after peal of hearty laughter told to all that for once care

and worry were forgotten and only happiness remained.

When refreshments were at length announced there came a slight lull, but the tables were soon crowded and the clatter took on an added force.

Bessie, busy lavishing smiles and cake upon the flock of children clamoring about her, happened to look up on one of her journeys for more cake, when much to her astonishment she saw, forcing their way through the crowd, Jack and Will, carrying between them an enormous cake, beautifully frosted and decorated, and having two large "C's" in red frosting adorning the centre of it.

The two girls stared in surprise and the children's eyes opened wide as the boys quickly reached the table and placed their burden in the centre of it, much to the admiration of all.

"You see, we kept our promise," said Will, triumphantly, as he fell back to admire with the rest.

"I should say you did," gasped Fay. "Isn't it a beauty. But you didn't make it yourselves?"

"Yes, we did," declared Jack; "all except the frosting—we didn't quite dare tackle that. But, say, it's a bird now, isn't it?"

"Oh! Will, what is "C. C." for?" asked Bessie, curiously. "Christmas cake?"

"Um! You'll know as soon as you bite it," said Will, evasively.

It would be a shame to cut that cake as long as there was anything else left, all said, and so it was decided to save this masterpiece whole as long as possible. Thus it came about that at the end of the evening the cake remained intact. There was much discussion as to its disposal, until finally some one proposed that it be auctioned off. "Santa Claus" a large, good natured man, with a loud voice, was chosen as the proper person for auctioneer, so, mounting the table, he proceeded to business.

"What I am offered for this most marvelously big, plummy, rich cake, the best ever made, the prettiest ever shown, the most delicate and delicious ever compounded. What am I bid? What am I bid?" he bawled.

"Fifty, one dollar—raise it someone—yes, brother—two, two—black and delicious, warranted to give a raging nightmare—two-fifty, two-fifty, three—a look at it is worth more than that—four, four, four-seventy, five, five—going, once! going, twice! going, three times!—and sold—to Mrs. Helm! Madam, let me congratulate you on having secured the handsome cake, the spiciest ever offered for sale to this appreciative audience."

Santa Claus climbed laboriously down from his exalted position, mopped his bald head, adjusted his beard and expressed himself as very well satisfied with the result of the proceeding.

"Well, wife, it was a regular jollification now, wa'n't?" he chuckled to Mrs. Santa, as, well wrapped in the thick fur robes, they jogged home through the snow. "But what beats me, is what Mrs. Helm, all alone in the world, with not a chick nor a child, nor any kind of a relative she can call her own, can want of that whopping big cake; that's big enough to feed a dozen harvest hands, even though she is as rich as—as—the cake itself."

"She don't intend to eat it all herself, I guess," laughed little Mrs. Santa, "for I heard her telling Brother Jenkins that she was going to donate it to the big spread the Fire Company's going to give on New Year's. Ain't it real thoughtful of her?"

"Sho now!" said Santa, meditatively, as he flicked old Dobbin with the whip; "I kinder wisht I'd joined that shebang myself!"

Jack and Will meanwhile were inwardly rejoicing that their names were on the company's role. Such pleasure as the boys seemed to get from their work these days! Their employer noticed such bright smiles on the hitherto sober-faced youths, that he declared to himself that such pleasantness was simply worth a slight increase of salary.

Mrs. Helm was the guest of the evening, as on the last night of the year a happy band of expectant people gathered round the board.

The cake, resplendent in frosting and letters, occupied the place of honor in the centre of the

table, making the other features of the bounteous repast look less ample by comparison. The plates of snowy cake looked almost yellow beside the intense whiteness of that frosting; the heaps of ruddy apples looked pale beside those gorgeous, mystic letters, and everthing looked small beside its broad expanse.

The company was gay, overflowing with jokes, repartee, fun and frolic, and when at the close of banquet, the foreman rose to cut the cake and thank the giver, 'twas several minutes before silence could be obtained. But at last quiet reigned, and then with a pompous air he began—

"Ladies and gentlemen, you see before you a most beautiful present, magnificent in size, wonderful in make-up, rich and delicious in structure, but its sweetness and beauty is only equalled by that of its donor" with a sweeping bow to Mrs. Helm—"Madame, it gives me the greatest pleasure to extend to you the thanks of the Volunteer Fire Company of Bradley."

He plunged the knife deep into its fragrant heart, and passed the first piece to the honored guest.

She gasped. Those who sat near her stared! The cake was coarse, yellow and soggy! The fireman's jaw dropped.

"By gum!" he said, and sat down.

At last the lady smiled, then someone laughed, then someone else, and soon the roof was nearly raised by the shouts of merriment that rang through the building.

The prophecy came true—To see it was to know that "C. C." stood for Christmas Cake! To taste it was to know—that "C. C." stood for Corn Cake!

GRACE PIATT, '03.



STORIETTES



JUST IN PASSING.

It certainly was unjust, and there was no getting around that. The small boy put up a last appeal.

"Please, mamma, I do want to go awful bad," he coaxed, "you took me once before and I was good."

But evidently mamma was not the only factor to be reckoned with, and while with her, as the highest court of appeal there might have been some chance, the case was different when the

father-man took an hand in the proceedings.

"No, no, sonny," his father put in, "nough said, and as we're going to be out late and can't take you, you might as well trot off to bed like a good chap."

"Yes, dear," said his mother, as she came to bid him good night, "we can't always do what we like. Some other time you shall go."

"You mean old thing! I'll run away, I will! You'll see how you like it without any little boy."

A fierce revolt welled up in the young man's small breast, a feeling that rebellion against this

binding force was the only course now. His sense of his own impotence to resist the inevitable chaffed upon him, and it seemed that he must break something, inflict some injury upon someone to regain his self-respect. Hurt had he been and his usually imperial will held as nothing, but he would show this father and mother of his that he had some rights and he would make them sorry.

Without hindrance from either of the parents, he opened the door and passed out into the night.

It was dark outside, but he didn't care—it would serve **them** right if anything happened to him. At the front gate he hesitated, his purpose standing out clear and awe-inspiring against the black background of the night.

As he stood there, hesitating, Big Dick came striding by with his lantern.

"Hello, kid. What yere doing out here," he remarked in passing, "Here's some crisps I got down at the store. No, I don't want 'em. Had enough, you know."

The agent of vengeance wavered. It certainly did not seem manly to go back now, "but, really," as he said to himself, "mamma likes crisps awful much, and—and—well, I think I'll just run back before I go, and give her some."

H. S., '03.

THE FINDING OF TOWSER.

Jared Obadiah Smith screwed himself comfortably into the corner of the forward car seat, and, putting down carefully a huge basket, settled himself for the four-mile ride into town. But a gloom, not to be dispelled by his scant fifteen years of worldly experience, set heavily on his usually cheery, freckled face. He suddenly kicked the pillar in front of him with one frayed toe, as the car once more hummed on its way.

For Towser was gone. Towser, the sympathetic friend and boon companion. He could hardly bear to think of it. To be sure, the dog was lanky in appearance, could boast of but short and crooked ancestry, and, furthermore, was of such peculiar hue, designated "sky-blue" by Jared's unappreciative mother, that the neighbors, in pointing out the sights of the town to strangers, would say:

"And there goes Jared Obadiah Smith and his ultramarine pup." But this might be borne if Towser had remained to share it.

The car moved on swiftly and soon began to near town, where fences covered with gaudy posters dazzled the eye. A circus was in town, but

the boy shook his head sadly—circuses were not for him.

Now it happened that the traveled-stained tents of the circus were pitched in a lot bordereing on the car track, and, it being almost time for the afternoon performance to begin, the occupants of the car were soon greeted by the stentorian voices of the side-show proprietors, announcing the wonders to be seen within. But what was the nearest one proclaiming? Yes, it was—

"Come! come! see the great and only true blue dog, recently discovered, roaming wild in the forests of Africa and acquired by this show at enormous expense!—"

A moment later the astonished motorman looked around in vain for the owner of a big basket in the front seat and muttered something about the way a circus turns people's heads."

* * * * *

"Well," the manager was heard to say, regretfully, as he viewed a very much excited boy, whose face fairly shone with happiness and freckles, hugging an equally excited dog, who, too, seemed quite beside himself with joy. "It is perfectly evident that they were made for each other. I guess we'll have to let them go, and, John," he said, turning to the man at his side, "see that they are both provided with tickets for tonight."

W. P., '03.

A SONNET ON MILTON.

For, O John Milton, would that thou had'st been
A poet of a lesser classic strain,
Whose numbers, flowing on a smoother
main,
Might soothe the mind and reach the heart
of men
Who classics, myths, and legends do not ken.
Had ye known less, there might have been
this gain
To such as, reading thy "Shakespeare"
lines again,
Had said these were the two, our poets
then
And now, who greatest meed in heaven deserve
From the right judgment of all seeing Zeus.
But now, in hearts where thou hast right
to serve
Reign meaner poets, who with poor excuse,
Toil and strive to explain with awful nerve
A mock simplicity which is no use.

HARRY SULLY, '03.

THE OLLA PODRIDA

EDITORIAL STAFF

BERTHOLD HEWS, '03 . . . **Editor-in-Chief**
Phone Mason 1302

MISS GRACE PIATT, '03 Assistant Editor
KING SWEESY, '03 Athletic Editor
MISS ADELA WIKOFF, '03 Social and Personal Editor
HARRY SULLY, '03 Exchange Editor
WIGHT LASELL, '03 Forum Editor
MISS PLUMA DUTTON, '03 Alumni Editor
MISS HELEN ROBINSON, '03 Associate Editor
SHELDON CHENEY, '04 Associate Editor
MISS ETHEL OTT, '05 Associate Editor

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

MUIR M. McKELVEY, '03 **Manager**
Phone Dana 1894

ASSISTANT MANAGER HARRY JENKINS
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT HUGH DYKES
STAFF ARTIST BERTHA ROGERS

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

MORRIS C. JAMES, President
ALFRED MERRITT, '04 MISS SARAH MATTHEWS, '03
WALTER CLARK, '04 MISS MATILDA MARTIN, '03

THE OLLA PODRIDA is published every other Thursday during the school term. Subscriptions, 60 cents per term, or \$1 per year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates upon application.
Address all communications intended for the Editor-in-Chief or Business Manager, to Box 14, Berkeley Postoffice, or put in box in main hall of the school building, or in the Editor's office.
THE OLLA PODRIDA is always on sale at Sadler's Berkeley Bookstore and Needham Bros.
Entered at Berkeley Postoffice as second-class matter.

EDITORIAL

At last the girls of Berkeley High School are going to take an active part in Athletics and we are glad of it. Nearly every High School in the State has a Girls' Athletic Association, which often wins more honors in the field of Athletics than the boys. While we haven't this to boast of, we have a Girls' Basket-ball Club, and we feel sure that this will make up for the rest. We hope that they wil form their team immediately so that they can enter into the games this season.

In regard to playing in the open, we decidedly believe in it. We do not see anything unladylike in girls playing basket-ball before our sex, and if they wish to play with other schools, they must become accustomed to it, since nearly every other team in the basket-bali league plays before mixed crowds. We do not see why they cannot enjoy the right to practice in the open as well as the boys. Certainly the outdoor practice will be a greater benefit to them than to practice in an in-closed court or in a hall. We are not living in an age where every girl must be a prude—must walk just so, eat just so, play just so, and talk just so. That age is past, and in its place has come the age of the healthy, independent girl, who enjoys life in the right spirit and believes in "scraps." May she stay in!

* * * * *

From the outcome of the interclass games, it looks as though we stood a pretty good chance of winning not only the Sub-League, but also the A. A. L. A good many of the players are in the

lower classes, so that the prospects of Berkeley High putting forth a winning team are bright for the next two years.

* * * * *

Every boy, whether he smokes or not, should take to heart Mr. James' speech on the question of smoking and smoking in public. It was good common sense, and there was not that canting which is so apt to get into a speech of this nature. In regard to the pledges, we do not believe in them, and we think the majority of the boys feel the same way. If a boy wants to smoke or drink, a pledge is not going to stop him. If he hasn't the will power to keep from it, a thousand pledges won't do any good. Moreover, to some boys, a pledge would only be a temptation to them to break it. So we fail to see any good in a pledge of any kind.

* * * * *

Many have been complaining to us because they cannot see the exchanges this term. If someone will present us with a plan so that the school can see them without destroying them, we will be more than grateful to them. Last year we allowed the school to come in our office and see them, and, as a result, we have over five dollars of repairs to make. We are sorry that the exchanges cannot be seen and we hope some suitable plan will be submitted to us.

Track.

A good many have signed up for the track, but they don't come out often enough. The track is in pretty good condition, but it will improve with usage. Come out and train, all of you.

ATHLETICS



THE INTERCLASS GAMES.

The Juniors and Sub-Juniors have beaten their older and supposedly wiser schoolmates—the Seniors and Middlers.

The first game was won by the Seniors and Middlers by a score of 8 to 7. The batting as well as the fielding was good and as is usual in interclass games many errors were made, but a number of them were due to the condition of the grounds.

For the Senior and Middle classes, C. Monson, F. Monson, K. Sweasy, J. Schaffer, B. McKeown, and W. Farrar performed well, and for the Junior and Scrubs, B. McCoy, G. McKenzie, Solinsky and Whitam were the stars. The batteries were Schaffer and Farrar, Solinsky and McKenzie.

The second game was stopped on account of darkness after the first half of the sixth inning, but the score went back to the fifth inning which was 6 to 5 in favor of the Juniors and Scrubs. McCoy did good work in the pitcher's box. The batteries were Schaffer and Farrar, Grimmelsnau, Solinsky and McCoy.

The third game was the most spectacular of the series. Farrar started the twirling for the upper-class men, but the Juniors and Subs began to land on the ball with such ferocity and regularity that Monson was substituted. However, the underclassmen were no respectors of person and our honored captain was accorded the same reception. At this point Sweasy was put in the box and as the lower classmen were not on his curves, the bombardment ceased. The batting of the Juniors and Subs was very good and there was more of that important part of the game, teamwork, than in the preceding games.

Whitam was the star of the day. The majority of times at bat he hammered out hits and he accepted his chances at short in big league fashion. McKenzie pitched splendidly and as well McCoy. Schaffer, Sweasy, Steele, Monson, McGeer, Curran and Solinsky also did well. Through their

hitting, the Juniors and Subs landed the game by a score of 23 to 13.

These games showed up some new men of ability. Among the most promising of these is McCoy, a good batter and able to play almost any position well, and especially that of pitcher. The three candidates for pitcher—Solinsky, Grimmelman and Schaffer, are all good in fielding and hitting, their chief fault being their slowness in throwing to bases, a fault which will probably be overcome by practice.

Prominent among other new men are Dean, Curran, F. Monson, McGreer, Peck, McKeown and Renas. With this new material to draw upon the B. H. S. ought to have a winning team, and we should try our best to beat Lowell and avenge our defeat in football.

S. HUST.

FORUM.

A hilarious meeting of the Forum was called to order on Wednesday, January 21, by Ex-President Beedle.

On nominations where only one candidate had been named and the nominations closed, Mr. Beedle caused great joy and amusement by going through some useless peregrinations for which nobody held anxiety to the extent of a peripatetic metal-worker's malediction. The officers elected for the succeeding eight weeks were as follows:

President, Luther Newhall; Vice-President, Harry Jenkins; Secretary, Mr. Batdorf; Treasurer, Dudley Whitney, and Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Beedle.

The Committee on the Constitution reported some changes were made, notably calling for a meeting every week instead of twice a month.

A challenge from the O. H. S. Senior Debating Society was gratefully accepted and a committee consisting of Messrs. Sully, McKelvey and Lasell, was appointed to treat with Oakland on ways and means. After a short discussion on the prospects of the year's team, the meeting adjourned.



EXCHANGES.



We are more than pleased with the "Girls' High School Journal." It is a well gotten up little paper, and the girls of the "Xmas Class of 1902" (they are all on the staff) deserve much credit for the quality of the production. "A Visit to San Juan is prettily illustrated, and "A Christmas Story" shows strong artistic instinct on the part of the author.

We do not approve in general of filling up our exchange column with "exchange jokes," but from the many and good ones in the "Polytechnic Life," we cannot resist "swiping" the two following:

"Papa (at the table)—'Dorothy, I must get some finger bowls.'

"Dorothy (aged six)—'Anyway, if you do, I won't wear them.'"

"'Oh, my!' she exclaimed impatiently, 'we'll be sure to miss the first act; we've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine.'

"'Hours, I should say,' he replied, rather tartly.

"'Ours!' she cried, joyfully. 'Oh, George, this is so sudden.'"

However, we do not wish to give the impression that the jokes are the only items of interest in the "Poly. Life," for there is a good story and many serious and well-written essays—especially one on "Chaucer's World."

"The Normal Review," New Platz, New York, has arrived in all the glory of its many societies and fraternities and their interesting lists of the names of officers.

The Exchange Editor of the "Red and White" suggests a method of "keeping the exchanges from being destroyed and lost, when allowing the students free access to them." It is this, "Our exchanges * * are placed in a closet in the school room, the key of which is kept by the Exchange Editor. Pupils may get exchanges at noon, at recess, before and after school (if they can find the Ex. Ed.) and are responsible to the Ex. Ed. for their return." The value of this suggested plan, we think, rests mainly in the fact that the Ex. Ed. is usually out of sight when wanted, or has left the key at home.

As to internal quality the "Red and White" has come to be above reproach, but we do not admire

the lady-like youth displaying his symmetrical proportions and curly, parted-down-the-middle hair exhibited in fanciful beauty on the cover.

We are glad to receive two exceptionally good numbers of "The Retina," Toledo. "The Retina" gives an example of what a school paper can rise to if well supported. "The Owl" is reserved for further notice.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Louis Hickey, '02, met with a very severe accident on the campus January 20. The Chemistry Building was being repaired and a part of the newly constructed wall fell on him as he was passing underneath. He is now out of danger and on the road to recovery.

The engagement of Florence d'Asquith and William Mason of Oakland has been announced.

Bert Chaplin, '02, spent the Christmas holidays at his home in Los Angeles.

William B. Hoag, '94, returned from Nome this fall. Last spring he was one of the passengers on the Portland which was lost in the ice for fifty-three days.

George Bysant, '95, was in Gautemala during the recent volcanic disturbance, and at that time he fled to the seacoast for protection.

Richard Hazeltine, '96, recently returned from mines in British Columbia.

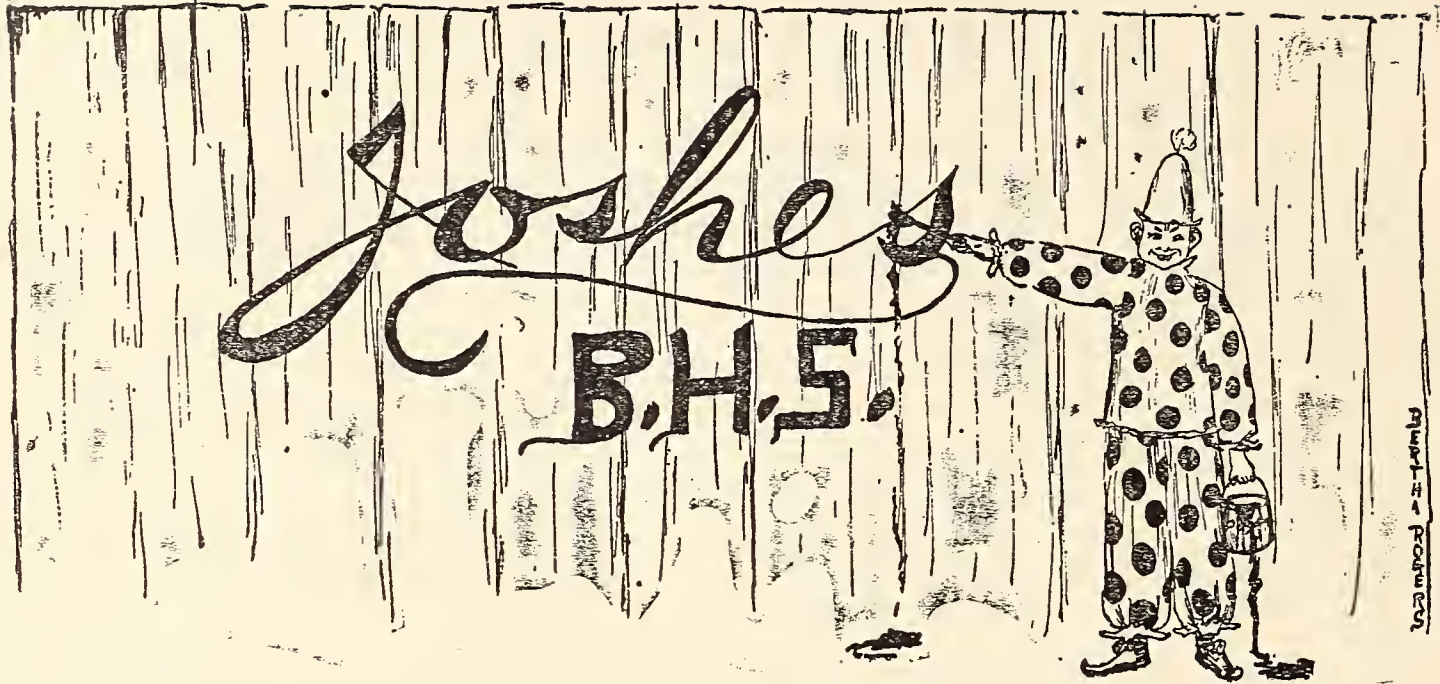
Miss Kittie Kees, '98, was married to Mr. Hess of San Francisco recently.

Charles Finn, '97, gave a dance on the evening of January 10.

Robsrt Van Sant, '03, is taking a vacation on the P. and S. Ranch, Nevada, where for some months he has been spending his life in outdoor sports and enjoyment. He is expected home the first part of March.

Loretta Monroe, '02, and Eugenia Kellen, '02, have left college and are now attending State Normal School in San Francisco.

Miss Myrtle Butler, '02, is teaching school at Perkins, Sacramento county. She passed her teacher's examination with high honors.



THE SONG OF THE GROOM-TO-BE.

The night is late,
I dare not wait,
The winds begin to blow,
And ere I gain the Oakland train
There'll be a storm, I trow.
And when I get to Chestnut street
I'll get out of the car—get out.
The sweetest girl there I will see;
She'll nod her head and smile.

Hola-Hola-Hola.

Who's for the car tonight,
For I am bound for Oakland town
To see my love this night.

Oh, I've a wife in Oakland town,
A wife, a wife to be,
While I am speeding there so fast
She keeps watch for me,
And who would quake
The road to take
With such a prize in store;
Though the curious folk
Out their heads do poke
When I meet her at the door.

Hola-Hola-Hola.

Who's for the car tonight,
For I am bound for Oakland town
To see my love this night.

Just one block more
And then I'll soon be there,
Then her home at last,
And she'll meet me on the stair.

The sparks do flash
As on we dash,
The clattering wheels do spin,
And every crazy loon will peek
To see me ushered in.

Hola-Hola-Hola.

Who's for the car tonight,
For I am bound for Oakland town
To see my love this night.

FACULTY LIBRARY.

"A gentleman of the Blue Grass," by Mr. James.

"Almost as Good as a Boy," by Mr. Clark.

"American Football," by Mr. Young.

"Moods," by Miss Carlin.

"The Conqueror," by Mr. Hackley.

"The Man Who Laughs," by Mr. Pearce.

"Faithful and True," by Miss Curtis.

"Queen Louise," by Miss Holling.

"Active Service," by Mr. Lamare.

"Empress Josephine," by Miss Roller.

"Ablest Man of All," by Mr. Alexander.

"Her Serene Highness," by Miss Clays.

"As One Having Authority," by Miss McLean.

"A Lady of Quality," by Miss Edmonds.

"The Art of Teaching," by Miss Frank.

Mr. James' first French class—"This is a girls' French class because the talking still goes on."

Miss Frank (in 9th-B Algebra)—A (Franc) is worth nineteen cents.



*PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS*

Spalding's Athletic Goods are Standard

Spalding's Base Ball Goods are official

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS

NEW YORK
578 Mission Street,

CHICAGO

DENVER
SAN FRANCISCO

Ask your retail dealer for our goods. If he will not supply you or wants you to buy something else, come to our supply office, 578 Mission St., and we will care for your wants.

Athletic Uniforms that are correct

Tennis and Golf Outfits that are up to date

ROOS BROS.

INC.

Outfitters to all Preparatory Schools

Kearny at Post, S. F.

JOSHES.

Scrub to Senior—"Say, what's an islet?"
"Why, it's a small island."
"Then, I suppose, a hamlet is a small ham."

Miss Muller (to one of the babies in drawing)—
"You have never had drawing before, have you?
I'll have find something easy for you to begin
on. What can you draw?"

The infant (eagerly)—"I can draw ships."

Scrub, who has been studying Latin, and who
is getting spanked by a Sub.—"I'm in the pas-
sive voice now; I'm being acted upon."

Miss McLain—"What is a jackal, Miss B.?"
Miss B.—"A bird."

JOSHES.

Ask Carmel whom she has a growing dislike
for, and why.

Did you ever notice the Major trying to drill
those boys in the gallery? We hope he will
succeed.

Some one in the B. H. S. hopes that there will
not be much De Leon (delay on) the returning
of a certain apron which is many (?) Mighells
away.

Miss Carlin, entering (study period)—"Is it
not too warm in here?"

Mr. Scudder—"Well, we didn't notice it until
you came in."

I WILL FIT YOUR GLASSES PERFECTLY

That's my method of giving you help. The KNOW HOW is what makes Laufer's glasses so desirable.

F. W. LAUFER, *Scientific Optician*

1001 Washington Street, corner Tenth, Oakland, Cal

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

Sweaters
Jerseys
Leggings
Gymnasium Suits
Sporting Goods
Bathing Suits

J. J. Pfister
KNITTING CO.

60 Geary
Street
San
Francisco

Baseball and
Track Supplies
Underwear
In Linen, Lisle, Silk
or Wool, knit to
order and to fit

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

H. E. SKINNER CO.

801 MARKET STREET, CORNER FOURTH, SAN FRANCISCO

SPORTING GOODS

The only up-to-date house of its kind in the City. Our line is complete in every detail and new features are being shown every day. We are particularly strong in the knitted goods and manufacturing line. Uniforms of every description made to order. Headquarters on Baseball and Basketball paraphernalia.

WRITE FOR PRICES

ETCHINGS.

A Question.

Those pretty girls out in the lab
They surely use that gift of gab
To some extent—well, yes, I smile
To hear the talk, and all the while
My ears ring loud with merry din.
The Lab resounds; it is a sin
To make a man wish he was where
No girls' voices could reach him there.
Oh tell me, tell me will it stop
At Resurrection Day or not;
Or will it keep us all still sore
Through that long age, Forevermore?

It is study hour and all is quiet except for an occasional whisper or titter among the girls. All are eagerly waiting for the bell to tell them that another period has passed. At last it rings; they joyfully rush out, all but one. The teacher slowly comes down the aisle, and shakes the mysterious individual lightly by the shoulder. Then she says very sweetly, "Wake up, Mr. Hodges, the bell has rung." Then he gets up and looks foolish, and forgets to thank her for not letting him outdo Rip Van Winkle.

ROY I. WOOLSEY

DENTIST

Francis Shattuck Building

Opposite Station

Hours
to 12—1 to 5

Phone Dana 1361

Berkeley, Cal.



FOR SALE BY

ROBERT S. GRIFFITH

The Only Exclusive Men's Furnishing Goods Store in

Berkeley—Strictly up-to-date.

2122 CENTER STREET

BERKELEY, CAL.

There Is Nothing Nicer

to give your friends for a Christmas
Present than a photo of yourself or
or the baby.

Children's Pictures a Specialty

AT

CLARK'S STUDIO

Over Needham Bros.

Phone Dana 1241

R. W. EDWARDS

FRATERNAL AND CLASS PINS

JEWELER

963 Broadway,

Oakland, Cal.

TELEPHONE BLACK 3894.

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

Special attention given to Wedding and Funeral Orders

Other work at Lowest Prices

Artistic Decorations and Designs

THE FLOWER MARKET

FRANK & PARODI COMPANY FLORISTS AND DECORATORS

31 and 33 Geary street, between Kearny street and Grant avenue, San Francisco
Phone Main 856

HAMMERSMITH & FIELD

GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS

MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF
CLASS AND FRATERNITY PINS

36 KEARNY STREET, S. F.

IN A-NINTH ENGLISH.

"Lady of the Lake."

Miss Roller—"Miss Sherman, why was Malcolm, in the Lady of the Lake, downhearted after he fell in love with Ellen?"

Miss Sherman—"Because her father was there."

WANTED

by Miss Clayes a lot of megaphones for use in the Greek class, since those barbarians upstairs delight in disturbing the classic serenity of the Greek atmosphere by the constant manouvering of their barbaric faces across the floor above, so that a speaking acquaintance with the Greek tongue has become an impossibility without the aid of modern science.

Do not trust your watches and jewelry in the hands of unskilled men, but take them to R. A. Curry, expert watchmaker and jeweler, to be repaired. Work done in a skillful manner and fully guaranteed. Corner Center street and Shattuck avenue, in Palace Candy Store, Berkeley.

JOSHES.

10 questions—I exam.

1 exam.—1 bluff.

1 bluff—1 failure.

1 failure—I "red mark."

1 red mark—I poor report.

1 poor report—I cinch notice.

1 cinch notice—I hot time.

NINETY CENTS—ONE DOLLAR

During January, ninety cents equals one dollar at the Taft & Pennoyer Store. In all departments a discount of 10 per cent will be given on the purchases you make before February 1st.

TAFT & PENNOYER

Broadway and 14th

Oakland

EDW. Q. TURNER

Dealer in Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables, Hardware. Agateware, Tinware

TELEPHONE MASON 111

DWIGHT WAY STATION

BERKELEY, CAL.

SURPASSING COFFEE PARLORS

1071 Broadway, Oakland

TEMPERANCE RESTAURANT

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers



MARTIN M. SAMSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

STALL-FED BEEF

CHOICE POULTRY AND FISH

Corner Allston Way and Shattuck Avenue

Telephone North 18

Berkeley, Cal.

EXCHANGE SMILES.

First boy (contemptuously)—“Huh! your mother takes in washin’.”

Second boy—“Of course; you didn’t suppose she’d leave it hangin’ out over night unless your father was in prison, did ye?”

“Do you believe in fate, Pat?”

“Sure, an’ phwat cud we stand on widout thim?”

Don put his arm around Cora’s waist
And the color it left her cheek,
But upon the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.

UNINITIATED SCRUB.

How big is Alexander, Ma?
His pupils call him “great.”
Is he like old Goliath, tall,
With nothing in his pate?

Alexander, dear, is very small,
Although he sits in state,
Chuckling to see his pupils fall,
Till they their Latin hate.

Little & Woolsey, real estate and insurance,
2110 Shattuck avenue.

L. M. HALE

Pictures and Picture Framing

Painting, Paper Hanging, Frescoing, etc.

2141 Shattuck Avenue

Phone Derby 273

GOLDEN SHEAF BAKERY

The oldest Bakery in town, with a well sustained reputation, which we try to live up to, not upon it.
Established 1877.

2030 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

J. G. WRIGHT & CO.

HAMILTON

Guarantees all SHOES sold by him to give
PERFECT SATISFACTION

N. W. Corner Shattuck and Center

SOME OTHER THINGS

AS WELL AS BOOKS

AT ABBOTT'S

TALLY CARDS

PROGRAM PENCILS

PLAYING CARDS

Note Papers for Invitations and Regrets

Announcements, Invitations, Programs Correctly
Printed or Engraved.

2126 Center Street

Hello Dana 272

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

Brighton Market

J. W. EATTON, Proprietor

CHOICE MEATS OF ALL KINDS

*POULTRY, HAM, BACON,
LARD, ETC.*

FRESH FISH FRIDAYS

Telephone Stuart 901

2512 TELEGRAPH AVE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851

FISHER & CO., HATTERS

HATS and CAPS in the latest styles and finest qualities. Extra large and small sizes. Fine stock of LEATHER HAT BOXES

DRESS SUIT CASES

9 Montgomery St., San Francisco (Lick House)

SLANG IN EDUCATION.

President Hall, of Clarke University, says:
"Boys and girls need slang. It's good for them.
Let them use it. Slang aids the boy or girl of
from 14 to 19 years of age to acquire fluency."

Aw! Cheese the cultured layout;
Cut out the brainy talk.
This wise guy has it coppered,
And he wins in a walk.
Get on to education—
You'll nab it in a bunch
If you're like old Columbus
And follow up your hunch.

Who was the duck that figured
This lot of grammar dope?
Oh, pass him up. He's nutty.
What us kids need is rope.
We're next to all the gabble—
But when we're due to balk
Is when the teacher orders
A first-class string of talk.

That gazabo—that Euclid—
He rubs against my nerves
With all his razzle-dazzle
On getting on to curves,
And history, say fellows,
It jolts me up a lot

Ayres' Business College

723 Market Street

San Francisco, Cal.

Has a special reputation for securing positions for all graduates.

Thorough Courses of Study makes competent graduates.

RATES OF TUITION REASONABLE

LIFE SCHOLARSHIP, \$50.

-:-

NEW CATALOGUE FREE

It is the nicest prospectus in the State.

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

YOU WILL BE TREATED RIGHT AT ~~THE~~

Cartwright's Pharmacy

TELEPHONE ORDERS PROMPTLY DELIVERED

TELEPHONE DERBY 61

2112 CENTER ST., NEAR SHATTUEK

Phone Dana 1605

Cut Flowers and Plants

Funeral Work

JOHN COOKE, FLORIST

BERKELEY FLORAL DEPOT CORNER ADDISON ST. AND STANFORD PLACE
BERKELEY, CAL.

DECORATIONS FOR WEDDINGS AND PARTIES

To read how some old has-been
Was Johnny-on-the-spot.
Say, this slang education
Will cop out all the trade.
We'll pass around our language
A la Professor Ade.
The coming school commencement
Will be extremely fly
With hot stuff umpalazzas
About the Goo-Goo Eye.
Baltimore American.

The O. K. Candy Store, 2032 Shattuck avenue,
solicits part of your patronage.

B. H. S. TOASTS.

"Here's to the B. H. S.,
May its glory never fade
And its fame remain untarnished
Through many a decade."

"Here's to the Football boys,
The pride of Berkeley High;
For them we make our loudest noise;
For us they do or die."

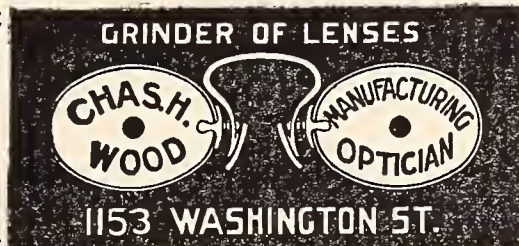
Ask Alta Patton about jumping off street cars.
Especially a Telegraph avenue car.

Kodaks

Developing and Printing

Photo Supplies

Kodak Developing Machines



RIGHT GLASSES

We are advanced in that
science and can give you
just what you want.

BRADSHAW & COLBY

Electrical Works Construction, Repairs and Supplies

2109 Stanford Place—Phone Derby 244

Enterprise Fruit and Produce Co.

PHONE DANA 203

No. 2149 CENTER STREET

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

A. W. NAYLOR, President

F. L. NAYLOR, Cashier

The First National Bank

Capital.....\$100,000
 Surplus.....20,000
 Deposits.....500,000

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

A. W. NAYLOR, President

F. L. NAYLOR, Cashier

Berkeley Bank of Savings

Capital.....\$40,000
 Surplus.....2,500
 Deposits.....570,000

*INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS***J. P. MAXWELL**

SPORTING, ATHLETIC AND TRACK GOODS

Guns, Pistols and Ammunition

14th and Washington Sts., Oakland

JOSHES.

The students of B. H. S. suggest that a railing be put around the platform in Assembly Hall to prevent Mrs. Sweesy from falling off in her endeavors to make the pupils sing.

Miss Forgie was heard to remark in French room, "Je me pendre."

Pantorium, 2032 Center street. Berkeley's only modern clothing renovatory. Phone Mason 225. Four suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.50 per month.

THE ONLY WAY.

"I see they are to put the American flag on the postage stamps," remarked the man from Maine.

"Ha!" hissed the dark-skinned foreigner. "The Americans brag that the flag has never been licked. Anybody can lick it now."

The man from Maine stood deep in thought.

"That may be," he drawled, finally, "but, by gosh, you'll hev to get behind its back to do it."

Miss L.—"Will tried to kiss me last night."

Miss H.—"Why, what did you do?"

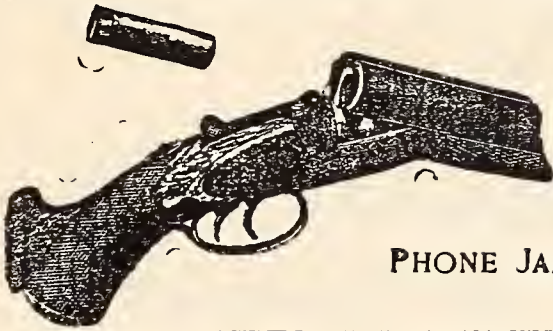
Miss L.—"Oh! I was up in arms in a minute."

GUGGENHIME & CO.

SHIPPERS AND PACKERS OF

Dried Fruits, Nuts and Honey**118 AND 120 DAVIS STREET****SAN FRANCISCO - - CALIFORNIA**

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers



GUNS AND SPORTING GOODS OAKLAND GUN STORE

PHONE JAMES 761

909 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

THOMAS SIMPSON & SON

Dealers in WOOD AND COAL, HAY AND GRAIN, ICE

2524 Shattuck Ave., near Dwight Way, Berkeley

Phone Derby 171

FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN FALL AND WINTER SUITS CALL ON

MIKKELSEN & BERRY

2124 CENTER STREET, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

ESTABLISHED 1850

CASTLE BROS.

Shipping and Commission Merchants



IMPORTERS OF

Coffee, Tea and Spices

PACKERS AND SHIPPERS OF

California Products



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

HAAS BROS.

Importers and Wholesale Grocers
100 & 102 California St., San Francisco

TELEPHONE FRONT 74

New York Office, 27 William Street

= = Agency of = =

The Napa Consolidated 2 M. Co's.

The Aetna Consolidated 2 M. Co's.

The New Idria 2 M. Co's.

The Boston 2 M. Co's. Quicksilver

BOYS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL!

WE RECOMMEND YOU ONE AND ALL TO PATRONIZE THE

PECK-BENNETT TOGGERY

2114 SHATTUCK AVENUE, BERKELEY, where you can get everything in the line of wearing apparel

DWIGHT WAY MARKET, 2132 DWIGHT WAY
Near Shattuck Ave., Berkeley

JOHN BLERSCH, Proprietor

The Only U. S. Inspected Market in Berkeley
Orders Called for and Delivered Daily
Telephone Black 1113

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

GIFTS FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Anything that will aid the making of pictures will be most acceptable. We have any number of accessories. The following may be suggestive:

Albums Exposure Meters Tripods
Negative Albums Balances Printing Frames
Ray Filters Dark Room Lamps etc., etc.
A Camera or a Kodak for a prospective amateur
You should see our gray day Kodaks

R. A. LEET & CO.

Incorporated
512-514 13th St., bet. Washington and Clay, Oakland

JOSEPH J. MASON

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT

S. E. cor. Shattuck Avenue and Center Street

Berkeley, Cal.

Office Phone Derby 381
Res. Phone Derby 1781

Contracts Taken
Estimates Furnished

DAVIS & STODDARD

Sanitary Plumbers, Gasfitters and Tinnors

All work guaranteed. Jobbing a Specialty.

2156 Shattuck Avenue.

Sample Rooms, 2034 Center Street

We all know Joe Rosenberg.
Call and see him. . . .
967 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Berkeley Fruit Market

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

J. SALZBERGER

Phone North 24

2125 CENTER STREET

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

DENTISTS' DIRECTORY

	OFFICE	OFFICE HOURS	PHONES
J. A. D. Hutton.....	Hinkle Block	9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.	Dana 702
S. H. Frazier.....	Bank Bldg, rooms 1, 2, 3	9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m.	Stuart 71
M. J. Congdon.....	Eastman " rooms 5 & 6	9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m.	Dana 1896
C. C. Conwell.....	Schmidt Bldg, 2115 Center		
Horace N. Henderson.....	Eastman Block	9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.	Mason 1894

W. E. BROOKS

Dentist

502 Sutter Street, corner Powell, San Francisco, California
Telephone Exchange 50

Berkeley Farm Creamery

W. T. SUCH

2115 Allston Way, Berkeley, Cal.

PHONE MASON 11

MILK, CREAM, BUTTER AND EGGS

HANSEN & ELRICK

Dealers in Shirts, Underwear, Men's Furnishing Goods, Etc.

Examiner Building, Southeast corner Market and Third Sts., San Francisco—Phone Main 301

... Phone 233 Dana
W. J. PHILLIPS



DWIGHT WAY PHARMACY

WE DELIVER EVERYTHING.

Cor. Dwight Way and Shattuck Ave. - Berkeley, Cal.

*Coaching in Mathematics
University and Preparatory*

CORA LENORE WILLIAMS, M. S.

2515 BANCROFT WAY,

BERKELEY, CAL

Telephone Dana 1555

What's in a Name?

PHONE

BROWN 141

DEPENDS ALTOGETHER
UPON THE NAME.....

JOE LANCASTER

970 WASHINGTON ST., CORNER TENTH

OAKLAND, CAL.

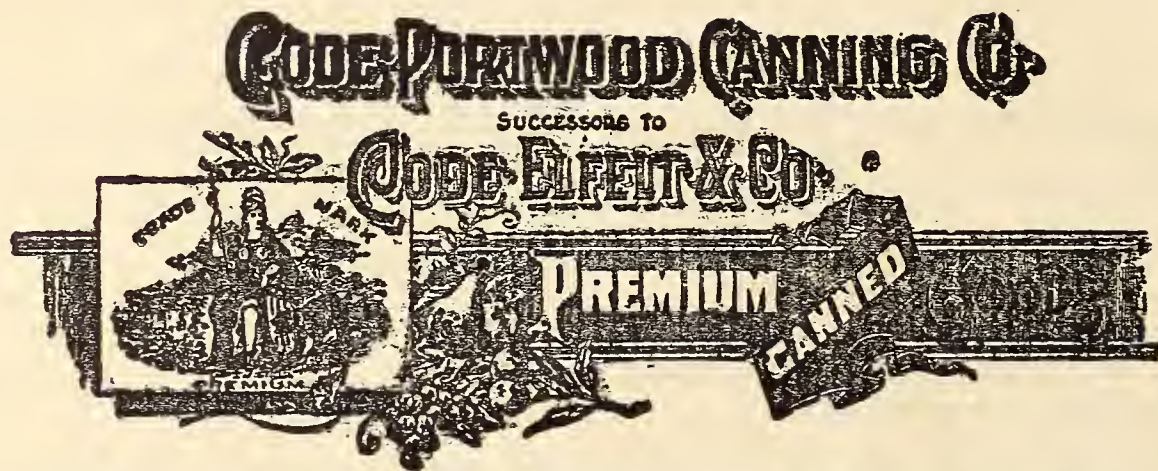
The very name is suggestive of

Up-to-Date, Tailor Made Clothing

*The name is a strict guarantee of perfect fit, together with the latest styles,
also live-and-let-live prices.*

Pants to Order, - - \$4.50

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers


Brands:

Premium
 Crinity
 Alpine
 Fruitvale
 Alamo
 Alvarado
 Silver

Factory, Tenth and Bryant Streets

Phone South 503.



Office, 101 Front Street

Phone Main 667

© ————— San Francisco, Cal.

Mention this paper when trading with advertisers

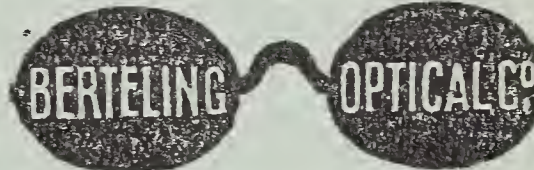
Egg Phosphate . . .
Ice Cream Soda . . .
Water Ices . . .
Hot Bouillion . . .

LEHNHARDT
1159 Broadway, bet. Thirteenth and Fourteenth Sts.
OAKLAND

A nice place . . .
to refresh . . .
yourself when . . .
shopping . . .

SEE TO YOUR EYES

It is our business to fit eyes, and we guarantee all our glasses.



SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS
16 Kearny Street San Francisco, Cal.

There are **THREE WAYS** to pay your bill for Water
To the Collector By Check
At the Office

Advise us which way you prefer

Bills are delinquent after the 25th of each month, and the Company will discontinue serving the premises with water after that date where there is a delinquency.

PHONE MASON 361

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY
THAT'S ALL
2065 Center Street Berkeley, Cal.

F. W. FOSS & CO.

Dealers in Wood, Hay, Coal, Grain, Lime, Cement,
Brick, Plaster, Coal Oil, Gasoline

2157 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Orders by Postal or Telephone promptly
attended to.

W. P. JOSEPH
LAUNDRY AGENT

2215 SHATTUCK AVE., BERKELEY

WAGON CALLS: MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS

Polish or Domestic Finish

For \$20 We Make to Order

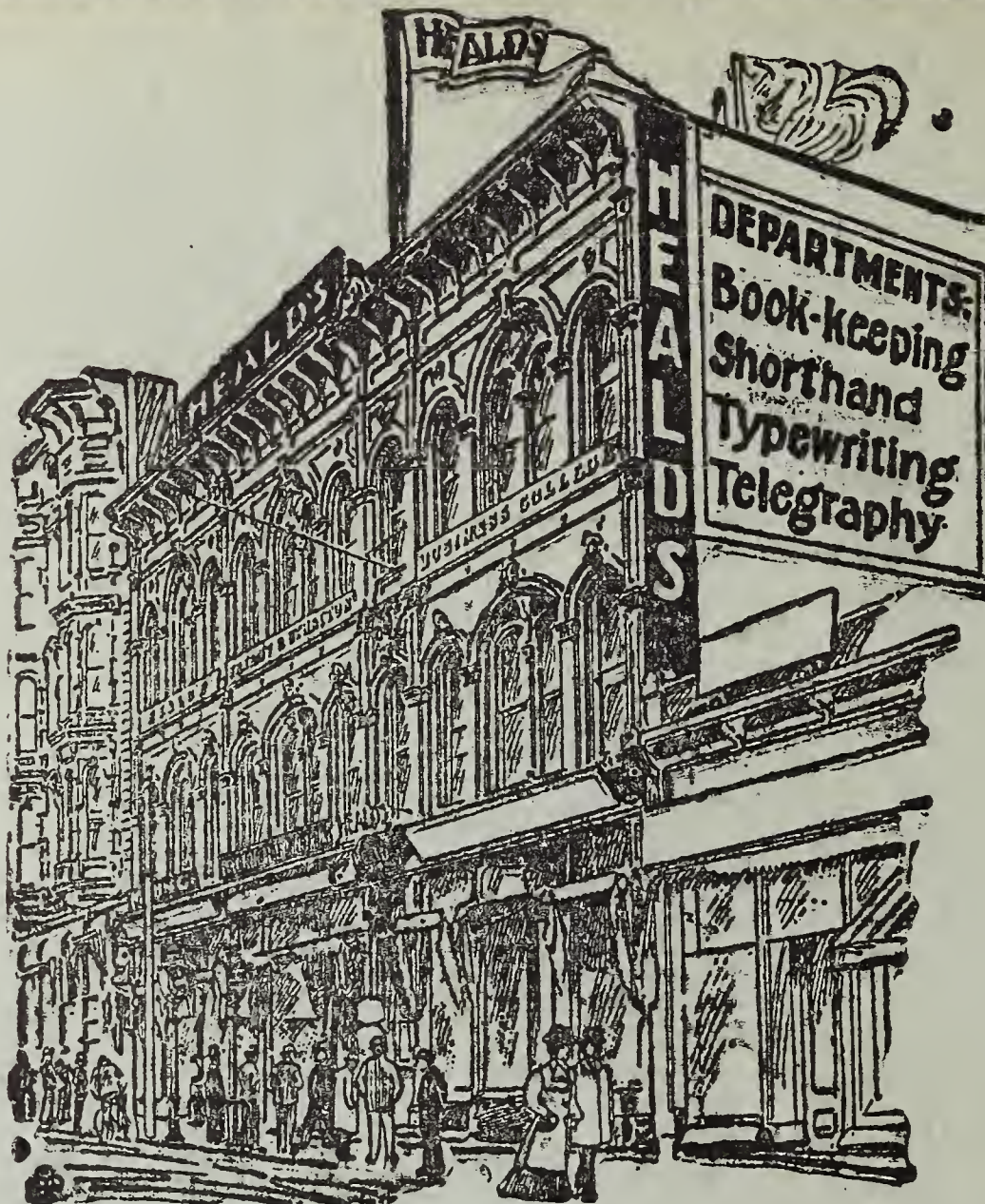
Suits that are easily worth double the money. This is not newspaper talk merely. We can prove it. We do tailoring on the wholesale plan, buy our cloth direct from the mills and make to your measure. For \$20 you take your pick of the richest styles of cloths and an endless assortment. Fine cashmeres, cheviots, tweeds, serges, worsted, Havana and olive browns, slates, overplaids, small checks, crashes, etc., in the latest fast colors. We guarantee every suit pure wool. Fit guaranteed or no sale. Samples sent free to any address in America.

NEUHAUS & CO.

THE LEADING TAILORS OF THE COAST

A Liberal Discount to Students

115 Kearny St., upstairs, San Francisco



Heald's Business College, 24 Post Street, San Francisco

OVER 100 STUDENTS ENROLLED FROM ALAMEDA COUNTY ANNUALLY



NATIONAL, international, metropolitan and cosmopolitan institution. The oldest and largest commercial school on the Pacific Coast and among the largest in the United States. Annual enrollment nearly 1,000; average daily attendance, 500. Between 500 and 600 calls for help every year at the college. 19,000 graduates now successfully applying their knowledge. 70 typewriting machines in the typing department. 30 teachers. Individual instruction. Open the entire year, day and evening. Write for illustrated catalogue.

J. H. AYDELOTTE

VICE-PRESIDENT

E. P. HEALD

PRESIDENT